THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

FOR WHAT SHALL I ASK?

Oh, ask not wealth—
The gaudy bubble glitters to deceive;
It hath a thorn to press thee when asleep,
It maketh wings, and leaveth thee to weep;
Ask not what wealth can give.

Oh, ask not fame—
The empty bubble breaks at every gale;
Its mighty shadow strikes in midnight gloom;
It fills its hour, then it haunts his tomb,
Where all its triumphs fail.

Oh, ask not love—
"The fondheart'sidol" breaketh the fondheart;
His smile is oft deceitful, and its power
Too oft is felt in sorrows darkest hour;
Ask not his treacherous dart.

Oh, ask not power—
Seek not a burden that must crush thee down.
Look at the thrones of tyrants in the dust;
Behold how frail the prop in which they trust;
Ask where their might has gone.

Oh, ask not life—
"Not even life itself makes good the name."
How oft its victim craves the boon of death,
When guilt or sorrow warns to yield the breath!
Ask not the fitful flame.

Ask for a broken heart—
A gift for all the ills thy hand hath done;
A sigh for wasted life, for useless breath;
A hope that triumphs o'er the fear of death—
Ask, and the goal is won.

Ask for a quiet mind—
A heart at rest from all the jars of strife;
A humble heart, that never scorns to fall;
A heart to bless the Hand that gives its all,
That priceless gift of life.

Ask for a fount of tears—
The heart to sympathize in others' woes;
The soul to feel for all the sorrowing hosts,
And power to point them to a better sphere,
Where tears can never flow.

Ask for a home in heaven—
Poor, lonely wanderer on life's troubled sea;
When wealth, and fame, and power, are wrecked and gone,
And all earth's blandishments for ever flown—
Ask for a home in Heaven, where grief can never be.

Selected Miscellany.

THE FATAL TRICK.

THRILLING SKETCH.

"Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty beast,
. . . . . wide waving to and fro,
His angry tail, red roll his eyes, dilated grow."
"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheath in its form the deadly weapon lies."
—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

Upon one evening a party of collegians and young bloods of the town had met together at my rooms to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the hunters, who assembled twice every week. We kept it up jollily until midnight, having in that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some well-planned and well-directed piece of mischief. Without any one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture, and started forth.

A travelling menagerie had arrived in town the day before, and among the wonders was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well beaten, that he became very humble, and acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were all aware, having visited the menagerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin, and place him in the chemical lecture-room, to astonish, on the next day, the professor and the class.

No sooner had I made the proposition to this effect, than it was adopted and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavilion which covered the beast, was erected in the yard of the principal tavern. The cages each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into town. They were arranged around the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals the showmen and inmates of the tavern left the tents entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, the rest crept in under the canvass and entered the arena. It was sometime before we could, in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been put to sleep. After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about, and peering here and there in the dark, we found the object of our search. There, in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two white eyes flashed drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college, which was several hundred yards distant. Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck, and so drag him along.

We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some late straggler, and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and one which met with universal aquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hogshead, with a sliding lid, fastened by means of hasp and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in front of the hogshead and drive the animal in.

We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner and prison-house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage, with our united efforts, was slid quietly down from the wheels—Bruin growling all the while with anger—the hogshead was rolled in and placed upon end in front of the cage, and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear roused the other animals, and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshead growled, and his voice came like distant thunder so deafened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their voices, and they howled as clearly as though they had been in their native forests.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for some time holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed or thought of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning back went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvas, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshead through the yard to the back gate; this we unfastened, and passing into the road, started at a quick rate for our spot of destination. Over and over went the hogshead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he experienced, and we nearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouthness of the noise which he made.

At length we reached the back part of the college when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled in our prize to the back door of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the passage through the door, the hogshead would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited, perhaps, once a month. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment he would not likely to be discovered until some time during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be apt to make attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and upon our shoulders up went the hogshead until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted up the window and slided up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still, or with only an occasional growl. We shook it again and he started. There was but one possible mode of progression, which was straight forward—and the brute gave a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and then the terrified animal, crouching in the corner remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into a corner of the yard, and returning to our rooms, continued our revelry till near daylight.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda-water, and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he had commenced to descant upon the subject. The class were all wrapped in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles, and a low, startling growling in the next room. The professor started, and stopped a moment while those of the class not in the secret looked at each other in astonishment. There was a pause of a few seconds duration, and then the professor proceeded.

I began to feel alarmed, as I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sounds, I judged that Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition, full of windows in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many carboys and bottles of acid in that room. Should he overset any of these, and their contents touch his skin he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions I saw they entertained the same fears.

There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'prepare for a brilliant experiment; I will show you a most startling effect.'

And he did! Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrible howl that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and, through that frail glass—Father of Truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth, infuriated with the burning liquid which streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger!

No words can describe the consternation of the class. Petrified by horror—motionless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with the pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and meeting with no obstacle, passed down the stairs into the great hall. There as he leaped and rolled, and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message, unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantic with the acid which was eating to his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed, and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never again shone the light of reason in those vacant eyes. From that day forth she was a gibbering, incurable idiot.

On passed the tiger—on! on! through the streets, with the populace flying to every side for shelter—past his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind him, before and around rose the mingled cry of men women and children—"the tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street a traveller was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around, saw the cause. He spurred his horse, who started, snorting with terror for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He only saw the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who, unmindful of his double burthen, rushed on, bearing his fearful load as though it were but a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it resulted from despair—he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom and with one stroke buried it to the hilt in the tiger's neck. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still with the death gripe he clung to his place, his eyes glassy and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing in mingled pain and terror—on he went until, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They stole up—lo! the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was the traveller, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

DISEASES OF OVER-WORKED MEN.—Time was when the very phrase, diseases of over-worked men, would have been considered foolish and out of the question. Now it conveys a truth of national importance, which the nation must consider. From being a comparatively idle world, we have of late become an insane world on the subject of labor. So long as the muscles merely were employed, so long little harm was done; we remained men, now we aspire to be gods, and we pay the forfeit of our ambition. From over-work we get a class of diseases the most prolonged, the most fatal. The sons of our best men go down at noon, and so accustomed are we to the phenomenon that we cease to regard it as either strange or out of place. It is through the mind, now, that the body is destroyed by overwork; at all events, it is so mainly. The men of intense thought—men of letters, men of business who think and speculate, men of the state who are ambitious to rule—these men are sacrifices. With them the brain has not merely to act on its own muscles, bidding them perform their necessary duties, but the one brain must needs guide a hundred other brains, and all the muscles thereto appended. An electric battery works a single wire from the city to Brighton, and does its work well, and goes on some months before it is dead or worn out. Can it do the work of a hundred wires. Oh, yes, it can, but it must have more acid, must wear faster, and will ultimately die sooner. We may protect the plates, make the battery to an extent self-regenerative, as the body is, but in the main the waste is in excess of the supply, and the wear is certain as the day. Men of letters, men of business, who do their business through other hands, and do great business, and men immersed in politics, suffer much the same kind of effects from over-work. They induce in themselves, usually, when they suffer from this cause, one or the other of the following maladies: Cardiac melancholy, or broken heart, dyspepsia, accompanied with great loss of phosphorus from the body; diabetis, consumption, paralysis, local and general; apoplexy, insanity, premature old age. They also suffer more than other men from the effects of ordinary disorders. They bear pain indifferently, can tolerate no lowering measures, are left long prostrated by simple depressing maladies, and acquire in some instances a morbid sensibility which is reflected in every direction; so that briskness of action becomes irritability; and quiet seclusion moroseness. They dislike themselves and feel that they must be disliked, and if they attempt to be joyous they lapse into shame at having dissembled, and fall again into gloom. —*Dr. Richardson, in Social Review.*

LONGEVITY—IS IT THE LAW OF NATURE?—There are many well-authenticated cases of longevity on record, and there are many living witnesses that the human frame was made to endure for upward of a century. There is now living in the town of Garland, Penobscot county, Main, a Congregational minister named John Sawyer, a native of Connecticut, who was a hundred and one years old last October, and is still engaged in the ministerial work. He settled in Bangor, Me., when there were only four houses in the place; he has seen its growth from an infant settlement to an opulent city.

The writer well remembers the benevolent features of his grandfather, who lived to the age of ninety-seven, and who, after he was eighty years old, frequently walked to our house, a distance of four miles, and returned at night. He preferred walking to riding, and would often go into the field and assist in the duties of farming.

On Sunday, the 15th inst., we listened to an able discourse preached by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, who, Theodore Parker says, is the father of more brains than any other man in America. He is over eighty-two years of age, and his mind is still vigorous.

Until a recent date there lived a Baptist clergyman in Herkimer county, N. Y., named Harvey, who was engaged in the duties of the ministry when upward of a hundred and seven.

There are many cases of more extraordinary longevity upon record. Lord Bacon tells us that Thomas Parr, who was born in 1583, died in 1735, at the remarkable age of a hundred and fifty-two years; and that he died, 'not from the disease or decay of a single organ, but from too great fullness of blood, caused by more than usual indulgence in eating and drinking.'

We might further enumerate instances, but these are quite sufficient for the purposes of this article. They demonstrate the fact that, under certain conditions, the life of man extends beyond a century. It becomes an interesting and important inquiry whether, in view of the fact that man's life is frequently thus prolonged, the conditions under which some enjoy exemption from our more common destiny can be ascertained; whether the principles underlying this result can be discovered and applied, until the period of human life shall be so extended that the cases of longevity which are now regarded as extraordinary, shall become the general rule; whether long life is the law of nature, and sickness and early death the result of its violation. Dr. Buchanan assures us, as the result of careful researches upon the subject, that the average period of life has steadily extended since the middle ages; and this he regards as the result of the progress of physiological science, and the increase of physiological education among the people. This certainly, if true, which we do not doubt, would go to strengthen this theory. If the period of life has been extended by only a partial distribution of imperfect physiological knowledge, it is a fair inference that a more general dissemination of more perfect knowledge will extend it proportionably further.

One thing is evident—there were reasons in all the cases cited for the long life of the persons referred to. Nature operates upon fixed principles, and the same rules apply to one and alike. Could the history of these persons be well understood, it would undoubtedly appear that they started with strong constitutions, and that these strong constitutions were not the mere result of accident. Their habits were probably simple—their hands inured to toil and their bodies to exercise. In a word, it would be found that their physical conditions from the first were more in accordance with the requirements of nature's laws.

It is found that persons with certain diseases require certain kinds of food; it is found necessary to regulate the habits by the physical condition. It only needs an application of this fact to show, what no intelligent person will deny, that the condition of the body is more or less under the control of the individual, and is to an extent regulated by his manner of living. And this principle still applied leads us to the conclusion that, with a perfect knowledge of the laws of life, and a perfect obedience thereto, the period of man's existence on earth may be greatly extended; that the physical condition of the majority may become in future generations as healthful as that of the persons referred to, and thus longevity become the rule instead of the exception.—*Exchange.*

—A lady, who keeps a French boarding-house in New York, says she has no objection to accommodate any of her countrymen except the *Board-ers* people.

—Why is a swarm of bees like a popular serial? Because they come out in numbers.

COMMON SENSE.

One of the things needed in this our day is more of an article commonly denominated common sense. It is getting to be very rare. It is the scarcest and most uncommon commodity among us. We want a school, and academy, a college an institution of some sort, where common sense can be taught theoretically and illustrated practically.

The sources of common sense, like the sources of common atmosphere, are so abundantly provided, so very common, that we have overlooked its value entirely. There is nothing which nature has so lavishly supplied to us as the air we breathe or should breathe, for 'in the breath is the life.' And yet one half of our people are trying in all possible ways to keep it out of their mortal bodies; while a moiety of the other half are constantly killing themselves in their efforts to irritate and pollute what little they do breathe. *Vide*—the lady, otherwise good looking in that murderously tight dress; and the gentleman with a cigar in his otherwise decently shaped mouth.

And the water we drink, or should drink, is distilled for us from exhaustless fountains. The clouds above us, the lakes and rivers, and springs, and streamlets among us, and the illimitable ocean around us, sufficiently attest its value and importance.

But, alas, it is common! And human beings must, forsooth, rack their brains, and destroy half the grains and fruits of the earth, which God intended for our purest nourishment and highest development, to concoct an uncommon beverage. Hence rum, gin, brandy, wine, cider, etc., have supplied Nature's drink, and a consequence, brought ruin and desolation upon half the human race.

And our common sense, like the common air and the common water, has been literally cast out of the synagogues, to make room for something uncommon. Our common brains and common instincts are combined, cribbed, confined, repressed, distorted, perverted, retroverted, so that everything in us and of us shall be in some way unnatural, uncommon.

Our buildings must each be constructed on a different plan; not two gentlemen can dress alike; the ladies not dress similarly; and the sexes must have nothing like a family resemblance in any of their multitudinous habiliments. In short, common sense must be turned out of all respectable society, in order that very uncommon oddity, eccentricity, or monstrosity may be entertained and glorified. We will not worship the true God because He is everywhere present at all times; He is too common. But will make graven images, and torture ourselves with the vehemence and violence of our unnatural and false devotion.

Almost every person is born with the elements within him and the influences around him, for achieving distinction, for becoming good and great. If individuals do not succeed it is generally because they do not exercise their common-sense capacities. They have fallen into the prevalent false standard of judgement, and have learned to estimate the value of things by their scarcity. This should not be. The commonest things are, throughout all God's domains, the most valuable. Our truly great men are always our common-sensical men. And the same is true of our truly good women. All really great and good persons are those who cultivate their own minds, and apply their own powers and perceptions to the things, the realities around them, without relying passively on the brains of others. In this way they become useful, thoughtful, active, and self-reliant. Their entity becomes more and more individualized and their individuality tends more and more to an independent personality. They are in the order of development, progress.

Remember Franklin! He is our type, our model of a common-sense man. Few men are so well known in history. Very few are so often quoted. Scarcely one has made a deeper impression on human society. Yet he was not greatly distinguished in any particular line. He never was a general, as Washington was; he was not a philosopher like Newton; nor a metaphysician like Locke. He was neither distinctively, but he was all collectively. He was great in little things. His greatness consisted in a correct appreciation of the relations of common things. He was not great on great occasions, but great on all occasions. He was ever ready to turn the little acts and incidents of life to practical account. He possessed an uncommon share of common sense, and this was the secret of his distinguished character, his world-wide reputation, and his extraordinary influence.

EARS OF HORSES.—It is a good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward when on a journey, because this stretching of the ears in contrary directions shows that he is attentive to everything that is taking place around him; and while he is going he cannot be much fatigued, or likely soon to become so. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears as above, that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction. When horses or mules," says Dr. Arnott, "march in company at night, those in the rear direct their ears forward, those in front direct them back, those in the center turn them laterally or across; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety!"

—New explanation of the "golden mean." To have gold and be too mean to use it.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMP.—Gen. Grant messes with his staff in a house in Culpepper, Va., and at his table sits familiarly every member of his military family. The expenses of the mess are divided among the ten, not in equal proportions exactly, but in a manner that is satisfactory to all. There is not the slightest attempt at show or parade in the furniture and equipage; everything is for use and economy of trouble and space. The crockery is scanty and of the plainest, and the fare, though sufficient in quantity, is just as homely as that of any thrifty and careful mechanic in your city. A chop with a cup of coffee for breakfast; a bit of roast beef, with potatoes and "hard tack," confronting a dish of pork and "greens," served for the 5 o'clock dinner, which was concluded without pastry or desert. A cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter at 8 1-2 o'clock finished up the day. The beds were simply camp cots, some with and others without mattrasses; and all the toilet apparatus anywhere visible were a few tin wash-basins, a moderate supply of towels, a bit of looking-glass, and a horn comb. At the table neither distilled liquor nor wine is permitted. The general will not have either about him, for his own or others' use.

The inventory of the general's baggage when he made his brilliant campaign in the rear of Vicksburg is, I take it, well remembered—a briarwood telescope and tooth-brush. In what relates to personal adornment and, outside of the necessity of eating and drinking, personal comfort, he has not greatly enlarged his possessions. His three stars indicate his exalted rank, but to say nothing of the charm which, in soldiers' eyes, these glittering marks of rank possess, I doubt if there is a commissariat officer in his army who is as plainly clad as he. His clothes are worn threadbare, and despite the steady brushing of his servant, they will have an untidy look, due, no doubt, to the general's habit of going everywhere and seeing everything for himself. The general understands the relation between cleanliness and godliness; but in his opinion, practically evinced, there is as much of either in a flannel shirt as in one of linnen of drawing room immaculateness.

Gen. Grant never swears. No man in his camp has ever heard him give utterance to profanity in any of its many forms. He rarely laughs, either; but he has a sort of grim humor which is not without its effect. It is related as a part of the gossip of "the front," that an officer attached to the quartermaster's department of his army, wanted one day to consult with the general-in-chief. He is a believer in the old *regime*, and practiced what under McClellan he was taught. He had half-a-dozen miles to go, more or less, so he ordered out his close carriage, and as it was likely that night would come before he could return, the lamps were trimmed and hung out, on each side of the driver's seat. Then with an escort of twelve dragoons, he started, happy, no doubt, in the belief that he was proof against the descending rain. Approaching Culpepper, he met an ordinary looking man on horseback, attended only by an orderly. As he passed he recognized the lieutenant-general, who, in spite of the rain, was making his usual round, in his usual modest way. To descend from his carriage and salute his chief was but the work of a moment: but Grant, irritated by the style and pretension of his officer, was in no hurry to see him gain the shelter of his carriage-roof again. "Walk along with me a little," said the general "I want to talk with you." With polished boots and unexceptionable kids, Mr. Quartermaster did as he was bidden; and with a touch of that grimness to which I have referred, the general led him through the muddiest parts of the road, and did not release him till he was wet to the skin—as wet as the general himself. He was then dismissed with an admonition that will be remembered, though it was interlarded with no oaths.—*Cor. of the N. Y. Evening Post.*

A WOMAN DETECTING A TRAITOR.—A federal officer in a certain city within this department had long been suspected of disloyalty, but no proof to warrant his arrest could be obtained, and so as a dernier resort a woman was set at him. She smiled her way into his confidence, and became his "next best friend," but, finding that ears were of no use, for he could not be induced to say one word of matters pertaining to his office, she changed her plan of attack, and turned a couple of curious, and beautiful eyes upon him. Not unfrequently he would ride out of town into the country, and be absent three or four hours and return. For all the hours of the twenty-four but just these she could account. Within them, then, lay the mischief, if mischief there was, and she began to watch if he made any preparation for these excursions. None. He loaded his old fashioned pistol, drew on his gloves, lighted a cigar, bade her a loving good by—"only that, and nothing more." Was he deep and she dull? Time would show. At last she observed that he put an unusual charge into his pistol, one day, and all at once she grew curious in pistols. Would he show her some day how to charge a pistol, how to fire a pistol, how to be a dead shot? And just at that minute she was athirst, and would he bring her a lemonade? She was toying with the weapon, and he went. The instant the door closed behind him she drew the charge, for she knew quite as much of pistols as he, and substituted another. She was not a minute too soon, for back he came, took the pistol, and rode away. No sooner had he gone than she set about the examination of the charge, and it proved to be plans and details of federal forces and movements, snugly rolled together. The mischief was in the pistol, then, though none but a woman would have thought of it, and so it was that he carried his information to his rebel friends with rural proclivities. The woman's purpose was gained, and when the officer returned, his "next best friend" had vanished like an Arab, or a vision, and he had hardly time to turn about before he was under arrest.—*B. F. Taylor at Nashville.*

THE GEOLOGY OF CANADA.—The Provincial Government of Canada has lately issued a volume, embodying, with much new matter, the condensed substance of all the previous annual reports which from time to time have been published by the authority of the Colonial Legislature since the establishment of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1843. The preparation of this bulky octavo of nearly a thousand pages has been carried out by the indefatigable director of the Survey, Sir William Logan; and the style in which the work has been got up, the precision of the drawings, and the accuracy of the wood-cuts, may almost challenge comparison with the execution of similar scientific productions on this side of the Atlantic. There has been a steady persistence in the conduct of this remarkable Survey, honorable alike to the successive Governments that have encouraged it and to the officers who have carried out the work.—*London Saturday Review.*

In this thick octavo, says the Montreal *Gazette*, we have the result of twenty years' scientific labor—and such labor! No man can know but the one who has worked with or beside Sir William Logan, how he can and does toil. No man else can tell with what pains-taking perseverance, and scrupulous conscientiousness, he has wrought out every problem which it has become his duty to solve.

He has truly labored according to the motto, *Festina lente*, but labored incessantly as no other man has done whom we ever saw. He has never spared himself when hard work was needed. The chief of the staff was ever ready to do the largest amount of hard work—even of drudgery. Whoever else he might spare, he has never spared himself.

He has studied out most carefully the principal features of Canadian geology, and is now at work on the more minute details. He has laid down with wonderful accuracy where mining engineers should go to seek for that which their employers desire to find. He has told the world where our principal deposits of economic minerals are to be met with. This was the labor he was set to do, and he has done it well.

And meanwhile he has had the opportunity of solving some of the great problems over which the naturalists and *savans* of the world have been puzzling. The scientific world owes him a debt of gratitude which has been often and most warmly acknowledged, most cordially by those of most eminence in the scientific world of Europe. He and his assistants have enriched not Canada alone, but the whole world of science by their labors.

Not every geologist, has been blessed with such assistants as Mr. Murray, Dr. Hunt, and Mr. Billings, the last named, a Canadian by birth, bringing Canadian science, added honor. A portion of this volume of "Canadian Geology" has been written by Dr. Hunt, than whom there are very few more accomplished chemists living, very few whose authority in matters pertaining to his science would be more readily accepted anywhere.

STARING AT LADIES.—A very common form of vulgar impudence is staring at ladies. To do so in any public place is ungentlemanly, but to avail one of a vicinity which circumstances render unavoidable, is contemptible. The man who will stare continually at a lady across a hotel table, or in a public conveyance, deserves arrest. Ignorant young men frequently do this under the impression that is not really disagreeable to the other sex, and that they are, in fact paying a special compliment. Could they know the vexation and annoyance which is often masked under the air of calmness with which their insolence is received, they would think differently. It is not an uncommon practice at hotels for ladies to delay their meals for hours, subject themselves to many annoyances, and even leave the house in order to avoid the presence of some conceited puppy who imagined that he was recommending himself to their good graces.—*Poughkeepsie Daily Press.*

TO CATCH RATS.—When a house is infested by rats which refuse to nibble at toasted cheese and the usual baits, a few drops of the highly scented oil of rhodium, poured on the bottom of a cage trap, will almost invariably attract it full of the "mischievous rodents" before morning. We have known this to be tried with the most extraordinary success. Where a trap baited with all manner of edibles had failed to attract a single rat, the oil of rhodium caused it to be completely crowded night after night, until the house was cleared of the noisome visitors.

The same oil of rhodium is used by some keepers of rat pits, who when their hands are smeared with it, do not hesitate to take the animals up by the dozen.

—"Grace before meat," as the belle said when she took the last reef in her corsets just before dinner.

—Wisdom and virtue are twin sisters. Bravery and honor are twin brothers.